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made for cash in ad-
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and despatch.

POPULAR TALES.

From the New York New World.

BEATRICE:
A TALE OF PADUA.

PART FIRST.—The Key.

CHAPTER I.—THE IMPROVISATRICE.

"I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs:

A palace and a prison on each hand."

CHILDE HAROLD.

Padua, in the early part of the sixteenth century, is the scene of our story. Italy, at that dark and distressed period, was, to a considerable extent, subject to the spiritual dictation of the imbecile, but tyrannic, successors of Leo X. to the chair of St. Peter; and, in proportion as they felt that their empire over men's minds had been shaken by the reformation of the monk of Wittenberg, so did they exercise that power which yet remained to them with inscrupulous and unrelenting severity. To arrest the progress of the doctrines of Luther and Zwinglius, which now, like light, were flashing over all Europe, causing thrones to totter and even the deep seated hierarchy of Papal See to tremble at its base, the dark ministry of the Inquisition was let loose upon Italy, and her miserable citizens were crushed beneath a union of secular and ecclesiastical despotism the most appalling which has, perhaps, ever degraded man.

But there was at this gloomy period another Inquisition, more dread in its domination than even that of the Roman Church—an inquisition the extent of whose power was as unlimited as the administration of that power was terrible—tribunal, ultimate in its decisions and awful in its mystery—a "Council of Ten" fallible men, who arrogated and assumed the prerogatives of God! Venice was, at this period, the sovereign of the confederate states, and her terrible "Council of Ten" were the despots of Italy. Their authority was absolute, irresponsible, undoubtless, almost sacred; and it was the vote of those ten men which imposed task masters upon all the cities subject to the rule of Venice. The agent to whom was delegated this power was distinguished by the title of Podesta; and, though selected from the nobles of the Signory, was, in reality, only the slave of the terrible Ten.

The Podesta of Padua, at the period of which we speak, was Angelo Malipiero; and his tyranny over his enslaved citizens was as deeply dreaded as it was universally abhorred.

It was midnight in Padua—the soft summer moon of Italy hung on high in the clear firmament, and her pure beams sparkled along the ripples of the Brenta—On the banks of that quiet stream stood a villa half embowered in vine leaves; and its elegant halls and rich gardens, stretching down to the water's edge, were brilliantly lighted, as for a fest. From the open doors and windows of the edifice issued the flash of lamps and sound of music and merriment, and the colonnaded gallery, which ran along the whole front of the mansion, was thronged with cavaliers and ladies gaily attired, and variously entertained. Within the gardens were two figures, half-concealed by the broad shadows of the trees and the tangled shrubbery, engaged in conversation. One of these individuals was a young and very beautiful female, attired in a dress of black velvet, closely adapted to a form which might have served as a model to the statuary. Her hair, which was intensely dark, floated in ringlets upon a pair of voluptuous shoulders—her eyes were large and flashing, and of that deep azure so often mistaken for black; her brows were delicately pencilled, and her complexion was a pure olive. Her companion was a man of apparently fifty, though he seemed to retain much of the energy and warmth of earlier years. His frame was rather below the ordinary stature, though firmly knit, and indicative of much muscular vigor; and his sombre brow and swarthy countenance were furrowed by traces of deep thought and despotic passions. His garb was that of the Venetian Senator—of sable velvet: a cap shaded by a profusion of drooping plumes, was upon his head, a diamond star sparkled upon his breast, and a magnificent sword, suspended from a broad crimson baldric, was at his side.

"Welcome, my Lord Duke!" again I say, you are very welcome to the villa of the Improvisatrice," said the lady. "The humble actress is most happy to entertain the Podesta of Padua—the arbiter of destinies—the Envoy of Venice!"

"It pleases my pretty Beatrice to be severe to-night," replied the Duke, with a smile.

"Oh, no, my Lord—not a smile," returned the actress. "Are you not the dispenser of life and death to these miserable Paduans? As you pass along the public streets, are not doors and windows closed at your approach? Do not the humors of the houses tremble, and the passers by quicken their steps and withdraw? I lived at Brescia once, my Lord, and, trust me, tyranny there is quite another thing than here. Venice dares not rule that city as she does this. Would you know why? simply, because Brescia bites the hand that feeds, and Padua kisses it. A vile thing this—a vile thing; but true, nevertheless!"

"A vile subject for thy rosy lips, my pretty actress, I admit!" rejoined the Duke, "and so untrue to treason." The Senator took the hand of the Improvisatrice, as he spoke, and was about placing his arm familiarly around her waist, when she started from his side and her dark eyes flashed with resentment.

"No more of that, my Lord Angelo! no more of that, or we meet not again!" she exclaimed. "Were you fifty times the Podesta of Padua—nay, and not mine, though the world thinks otherwise, forsooth!"

"Beatrice—" commenced the Duke.

"No apologies, my Lord!" continued the actress, "they would be unworthy of us both. You are given—so no more. But you are a strange man, my Lord Duke—an incomprehensible man; you pretend to love me, and yet are most absurdly jealous of your beautiful wife!"

"True," replied the Duke. "Nor is this all. I am jealous of her!"

"Of me! Ha—ha—ha! Now you are jesting, my sage Senator. But you have little cause of jealousy of me, and no right; for Beatrice Vivaldi in nowise pertains to the Duke Angelo Marzio. All Padua thinks me your favorite. What think you, my Lord Duke? Ah, it is a rare world—a knowing world—such a right charitable world!"

"Well—well, Beatrice, whatever you may be to me in reality, or by the report of the world, this is no time to rail at either of us. This fete which you have given me is a most magnificent affair, and will be remembered!"

"Nay, my Lord," said Beatrice, "I am only an humble comedienne, permitted through favor to receive the senators and nobles at my poor villa, and I strive to entertain them; but the effort fails to-night. Your face is as sombre as your mask. My house and grounds are flashing with flambeaux, and yet a cloud darkens on your brow; you by no means repay me in gaiety what I give you in sweet sounds. Come, my Lord, come, pray laugh a little!"

"Laugh? Oh, yes, I will laugh," rejoined the Duke. "But—Beatrice—but, the young student of the university with whom you so often meet—did you not tell me he was your brother?"

"I did, my Lord, I told you so. Well?"

"You were just now conversing with him, I think," continued the Duke; "and who, pray, was the other in the student's cap and surplice?"

"A confidential friend—a Venetian named Pietro Pastrucci."

"And your brother, Beatrice—what is his name?"

"Cola—my Lord—Cola Castelli," hurriedly replied the actress. "Have I not already explained this matter several times? Why do you question me thus?"

Oxford Democrat

No. 47, Vol. 1, New Series.

Paris, Maine, Tuesday, March 29, 1842.

Old Series, No. 6, Vol. 9.

seems to me you look sad to-night. Are you sad, dearest?" tenderly asked the actress. "I have thought the same for some days. Tell me, Cola, are you sad?"

"No, Beatrice—no."

"Nothing troubles you? are you not in pain?"

"No," was the quiet reply.

"And are you not jealous, Cola?" continued the actress, archly.

"Oh, no," replied the student with a smile.

"Castelli, I wish you were," added the fair Venetian sadly, after a slight pause; "for then I should be sure you loved me. And do not be sad, Cola, do not be sad; it makes me unhappy to see you sad. I am anxious for your safety. Does any one in Padua know you are not my brother?"

"One person only—Pietro Pastrucci," replied the student.

"Your friend? Then we are safe. See, he is coming now!" continued the actress, as a young man, in dress and appearance much like Castelli, advanced from the garden towards the piano. "I shall commit you to him, Cola. Keep a vigilant eye on his movements, Pastrucci, and see above all things, that he says nothing to you."

"He is the instrument with which one people tortures another. Such instruments are powerless in the hands of their masters; but are not used long, and are easily destroyed when no longer service, if they have not previously destroyed themselves. Beatrice, I am a woman; and that is the only thing in the world that pleases me—me—one solitary thing that can make me happy. For me there is but one thing in the world that pleases me—me—one solitary thing that can make me happy."

"I am a student, and that is myself. And yet, I know well that you do not regard me as my affection. Nevertheless, you do not love me either."

"Be my student! Then we are safe. See, he is coming now!" replied the actress, as a young man, in dress and appearance much like Castelli, advanced from the garden towards the piano.

"Because I am forced!" "Why retain it?"

"Because I am forced!" replied the Duke bitterly.

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"How? what do you say? is it possible?" exclaimed the other in surprise. "Nay, Cola, you do not."

"It is most true, Pastrucci. But who is that sleeping on the bench yonder?" continued the young man, for the first time perceiving Schedoni.

"Oh, no one—the poor guitar player, you know."

"With the guitar player, you know?"

"I received," returned Castelli. "He was sent with a message to Beatrice a few days since."

"How? what do you say? is it possible?" exclaimed Pastrucci, gazing after the retreating form of Beatrice, till it disappeared in the throng of the lighted rooms. "Ah, Cola, you are a happy man: that lovely creature loves you to idolatry!"

"Ah, Castelli, I am not a happy man!" said the student.

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IMPORTANT INDIAN MOVEMENTS.

The following letter from the editor of the *Missouri Eagle* to the editor of the *Missouri Reporter*, discloses a design on the part of the Indians, which, if really meditated by them, opens up a prospect of difficulty of the most terrible magnitude. We hope it may prove to be unfounded:

SPRINGFIELD, Mo.

February, 21, 1842, 10 o'clock, p. m.

Editor *Reporter*:—I have just received a communication from Samuel M. Pharris, Clerk of the Court of Barry County, Missouri, the substance of which I give you below. It arrived too late for the present number of the "Eagle"; and as Major J. P. Campbell leaves to-morrow for St. Louis, I deem it of sufficient importance to send you a few lines in advance of my next publication.

It appears from the letter of Mr. Pharris, who writes from McDonald, the county seat of Barry, that an intelligent Delaware Indian has just arrived from the Cherokee nation and brings information that an "intended council" is proposed to be held at the Cherokee Council Ground, in "two moons from the present time" (16th Feb.) in which will be embodied all the principal chiefs and head men of various Indian tribes, both settled and wandering from the United States line to the vast prairies of the West, under the superintendence of the Cherokees. The chiefs and head men of the Seminoles, Choctaws, Chickasaws, Creeks, Senecas, Quapaws, Osages, Shawnees, Caws, Pawnees, Sioux, Sac, Foxes, Pequeshaws, Pottawatomies, Wyandots, &c. are to be present, it is said, in order to form a grand confederacy, or to become united as one tribe.

The ostensible object of which is said to be, to oppose any further emigration of whites West, to prevent the erection of any more forts in their country, and never more to part with another foot of their land, either by force or treaty, at the peril of their lives and the total extinction of their race. The Delaware informs our correspondent that by this confederacy the Indian tribes will be enabled to bring a force of 40,000 warriors into the field. Ross, the Chief of the Cherokees, is said to be at the head of this affair, and to defray all necessary expenses of the Council.

HE HAS RECENTLY RETURNED FROM WASHINGTON CITY, AND MOST PROBABLY HAS HAD A PRIVATE OR SECRET INTERVIEW WITH THE BRITISH MINISTER.—Our informant suggest the propriety of informing the Government of the intended Council, and that some efficient measures be taken to prepare the frontier settlements for any emergency that may arise.

THE EVIDENCE.—Mr. Kendall proposes to condense the evidence that has already appeared, and avail himself of evidence which is known to exist, but has not yet been published, in relation to the pipe-laying frauds in New York and elsewhere, and publish them in a single number of his *Expositor*. They will be so simplified that they may be understood by all readers. The numbers will be furnished at \$1.50 per hundred, or 25 cents a dozen. Orders should be sent soon, and post paid. We hope the friends to the purity of the elective franchise will interest themselves and aid in circulating the *Expositor* among the people, for what is more important to a free people than the purity of this institution, and how can it be better preserved than by the attention and study which the reading of the facts connected with several successful corruptions of it, will awaken?

At a Convention of the Democratic members of the Legislature, held at the Court house in Augusta, on the 17th of March, 1842, the following Resolve was unanimously adopted, and ordered to be published in all the Democratic newspapers in the State.

Resolved. That this convention have entire confidence in the integrity, ability and patriotism of Joss Van Buren's term. They were reduced at least ten millions below those of some previous years, and the estimates sent in by Mr. Woodbury, would have brought them down to twenty-two millions for the year just gone by. In Mr. Woodbury's very elaborate and able speech of to-day, he developed his views fully upon this subject. He showed specifically where he would make his retrenchments. He made it clear that reductions ought to be made to the amount of \$6,000,000, in the first instance—and pursuing the reductions presented in his schedule, the whole retrenchment proposed by him in the annual expenditure would reach nine millions. Mr. Woodbury exhibited the particulars of the estimates, thus bringing down the outlay to nineteen millions for this year and the next year to seventeen millions. From the views of the public finances taken by Mr. Woodbury, supported by the soundest reasonings, based on his own experience as Secretary of the Treasury, it is clear that there is no necessity for imposing new burdens on the people by a tariff; and to this conclusion every disinterested man must come, who will attentively read his exposition.

The Post Master General has submitted for the consideration of the Committee on Post Offices, &c., two bills. The one proposes to change the rates of postage so as to make them conform to the federal coin. The rates now charged are 6 cents, 10 cents, 12 1/2 cents, 18 3/4 cents, and 25 cents, for single letters. It is proposed to charge 5 and 10 cents, 20 and 25 cents. This is, in fact, an important reduction as it would be safe to make at this time. The other bill is designed to reach and relieve the department from the burden, or, in other words, to indemnify it for the expense of transporting these immense mammoth sheets assuming the name and appearance of newspapers, but which, in fact, are in most cases a re-print of books. Mr. Wickliffe says—"I have adopted the principle of charging newspapers by the square inch, I would suggest the largest size newspaper printed in the United States as the size which is to pay the rate of postage now charged upon newspapers by the law of 1825. All sizes above are required to pay one cent for every five square inches over that size."

Judge Story, of Mass., has decided under the Bankrupt Law, that the personal ornaments in the wife's possession before marriage, and \$1,000.—*Argus.*

those given her by her husband, belong to the husband, and consequently to his creditors, if there are not other assets sufficient to pay the debts. But if the like articles were bestowed upon her by another person than the husband, after marriage, they would be deemed absolute gifts to her separate use—and then, if received with the consent of the husband, neither he nor his creditors could dispose of them, any more than they could of any other property received to her separate use. As to mourning rings given to the wife by third persons, they are memorials of the departed, and must be touched only by the sacred hand of affection.—*Eastern Argus.*

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, MARCH 29, 1842.

The Legislature adjourned on the 18th inst. after a Session of 73 days. They passed 92 Acts and 107 Resolves, the titles of which may be found in another part of to-day's paper. The session was somewhat longer than was anticipated by many, but short, perhaps, when compared with the amount of business which received its attention, much of which was of a private or local nature. We shall publish the public Laws as soon as we can obtain them, although we cannot afford to do it at the compensation the State allows, and our readers will then be able to judge for themselves whether the Legislature has been idle during the past session.

ELBRIDGE GERAY, Esq. of Waterford, has been appointed by the U. S. Court Commissioner of Bankruptcy for the County of Oxford.

COUNT OF COUNTY COMMISSIONERS. The County Commissioners for this County meet by adjournment on the last Tuesday of April. The time of the regular Session has also been altered by the Legislature from the 3d to the 3d Tuesday of June to the second Tuesday of May. Those interested will govern themselves accordingly.

The Legislature apportioned the State for Representatives to Congress upon the basis of eight, which is thought, by many best informed upon the subject, will be the number apportioned to Maine by Congress. If a larger or smaller number is apportioned to us, they will be elected by general ticket. We should regret this as much as any one, but it is better than an extra session of the legislature for the sole purpose of apportionment. And if any blame is to be found, let it fall where it belongs, upon the pipe-laying traitors in Congress, who have been bickering and quarreling, and pulling noses, for the last three or four months, instead of attending to their duty.

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BUNKER HILL BOYS.—The whole number now living, is said to be, in New York 4; Vermont 5; Massachusetts 17; New Hampshire 17; Connecticut 3; Maine 7. Total 53. The Maine men are, as we learn from the Boston Transcript, Nehemiah Porter, North Yarmouth, aged 23—Roger Plaisted, Buxton, 27—Eleazer Spaulding, Dover, 23—Ebenezer Allen, Montville, 34—Obadiah Withers, China, 27—Major James Nash, Portland, 20—Lemuel Wentworth, Hope, 22.

THREE EDITORS INDICTED FOR A LIBEL IN NEW YORK.—The New York American of Wednesday says, in a Postscript: "We just learn that the Grand Jury found the bills this morning against the Editors of the Commercial Advertiser, of the Express, and of the New York American, for alleged libel in the publication concerning the organization of the Court for the trial of J. G. Bennett."

FIRE AT OLDTOWN.—Mills with three saws, for sawing lumber, with lath machines connected with them, were burnt at "Lower Oldtown" in this State, on Monday evening. It is supposed that the flood gate was forced by the water, and set the machinery in motion, and it being dry took fire from friction. They were owned by Rufus Dwinell, of Bangor, and others. Loss 3 to 4,000.—*Argus.*

REVIVAL OF BUSINESS.

The Salem Advertiser copies the following from the Salem Gazette of November 26, 1840:

REVIVAL OF BUSINESS.—Shrewd and intelligent men of business think they already begin to perceive signs of the speedy return of prosperous times. There is an evident commencement of the revival of confidence. With the election of Gen. Harrison comes the conviction that we are now at or near the end of all tinkering experiments upon the welfare of the country—that the open warfare upon the trading interests will cease—that the pernicious attacks upon a well-regulated and judicious credit system, are about to come to an end—and that the foolish, we might almost say wicked attempts to reduce the labor and products of this country to the specific standard of some European monarchies, will be heard of no more. *It will not be necessary to wait for the Inauguration of General Harrison in order to behold the commencement of a better state of things.* The dawn is already breaking, and the cry of "Land Ahead!" will soon break out from every quarter."

If the "dawn" of better times was visible in Nov. 1840, it must be confessed that the full day is a great while in getting along—for the cry of "land ahead!" has scarcely been raised in the country yet. Similar paragraphs were published by the whig papers in 1840 all over the Union, and by dint of frequent repetition they came, with many men to pass for true, and not a few persons really believed that good times were sure to follow the election of General Harrison. How grievously such men have been disappointed, let the present state of the country answer!

SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.—The Salem (Ala.) Free Press relates the following: Ten or twelve years ago, the wife of a Methodist minister, named Isaac Taylor, was missing. The circumstances were as follows: She laid down as usual with her husband. Some time after, she arose and went out, and came back two or three times. At last she took up the youngest child, and kissing it, laid it in Mr. Taylor's bosom, telling him to keep it till she returned. She then left the house and returned no more. Diligent search was made after her, but without success. Suspicion rested strongly on the husband, and bones having been found in hollow stump near his house, some years after he was arrested, brought to trial, and acquitted for want of evidence. He was, however, generally believed to be the murderer. He was prohibited preaching and much persecuted.

A short time back a letter was received by the Postmaster at Blountsville, near where the occurrence happened, from a man in Texas, who it appears, had been attached to Mrs. Taylor before marriage, and meeting her some time afterwards, persuaded her to fly with him to Texas. They accordingly secretly equipped themselves and started, she travelling in men's clothes, and arrived there, where they lived together as man and wife. She died in that country, but exacted from her death bed a promise from her paramour that he would write back and disclose the cause of her sudden disappearance. Thus has the character of a most pious and worthy man been exculpated from a most foul and unjust suspicion.

VILLE.—A young woman who arrived in Boston from this city a few days since, was inveigled (whilst enquiring for a stopping place while she could get work,) into one of those dens of the devil, called houses of ill-fame, by the cab-men who agreed to take her to a respectable lodging. The huckster is well known, say the Boston papers. If he be punished as severely as the magnitude of his offence demands, he will not be in very soon. Her baggage was conveyed to a well-furnished room, and by aid of hypocrisy, the real character of the inmates was not made evident for two days. The poor girl was then confined in her room, and not suffered for a moment to leave it. Her food was taken to her by one of the crew, and when she was nearly driven to despair by her wretched situation, a young man ascertained her true character, and immediately made it known to the City Marshall. She was then saved almost by miracle from infamy. Her name is not given—but it is stated that her parents live in this city.—*Eastern Argus.*

A FACT.—The ready wit of a true born Irishman however humble his station, is exceeded only by his gallantry. A few days since we observed a case in point. A sudden gust of wind took a parasol out of the hands of its owners; and before we had chosen to recollect whether it would be etiquette to catch the parasol of a lady to whom we had never been introduced, a lively Emerald dropped his hat of bricks, caught the parasol in the midst of its Erisler gyrations, and presented it to the loser with a bow which reminded us of poor Power. "Faith, ma'am," said he as he did so, "if you were as strong as you are handsome it wouldn't have got away from you." "Which shall I thank you for first, the service or your compliment?" asked the lady, smiling. "Troth ma'am," said Pat again, touching the place where once stood the briar of what once was a beaver, "that look of your own beautiful eye thanked me for both!" If that had carrier will have to try some other speculation.

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INVIDEITY.—THOMAS PAYNE. The one hundred and fifth anniversary of the birth of this illustrious infidel was celebrated in Salubria, Wisconsin, at the dwelling of Abner Kneeland, formerly of Boston.

A repast was provided, at which ladies and gentlemen partook. Strange as it may seem the following toasts were given by some of the ladies.

By Mrs. Adams. The daughters of Iowa may they learn less of priesthood, and lay aside their bibles for the distaff and loom.

By Mrs. House. The infidels in Town—they have lived too long in the woods to be frightened by priests.

By Miss D. L. Rice. The future immigrants to our beautiful territory—may they leave all their superstition behind them.

By Miss D. D. Rice. The young ladies of Iowa—may their buoyant minds and guileless hearts never be ensnared by the artifices of the priest.

THE LION. LEVI WOODBURY. The Washington correspondent of the Journal of Commerce thus speaks of the recent great speech of the favorite champion of the Democracy of New England:

"In regard to this question of currency, concerning which so much noise is made, Mr. Woodbury stated facts which surprised many who have taken up the popular clamor against the expenditures of the late administration. He showed that a gradual system of reduction was undertaken by the late administration for 1841, were it not for the fact that the expenditure would now have been reduced to seventeen or eighteen millions."

THE BRITISH COASTWISE STEAMERS.

The Richmond Compiler is struck by the comments of the Staunton Va. Spectator, which expresses its jealousies of this movement by the British Government. "England," says the Compiler, "is like a spider that is ever drawing his web closer and closer around his prey; but she will find us no clumsy beetle to throw ourselves into the meshes she is so artfully contriving for us. We feel assured that she will not be allowed to spin many of her adroit lines along our coast."

The Baltimore American remarks—"The character of these steamers is truly stated to be that of vessels ready to be turned into war ships at any time; they are commanded by officers of the Royal Navy; they are supported in part by the British Government; and the proprietors of them are under special contract to receive ornaments on board, and to yield them up to the control of the admiralty whenever occasion shall require their service as vessels of war."

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POETRY.

From the Coos County Democrat.
The Bankrupt's Glee.
Calculated for the Anniversary of the passage of the
Bankrupt Law.

Let the bankrupt rejoice, for the sheriff no more,
Shall follow his coach as it rolls from the door.—
His mansion,—no more shall it hushly lock it,
And skulls through the streets with the key in his pocket,
Pit lightly his heart 'neath his muffle'd skin!—
While it's every old figure shuns his retreat,
Those others on paper, he sold long ago,
Have brought him a cool fifty thousand or so,
And he's kept them in store, as he's le're in his day,
To wipe off what new scores may come in his way;
To lay him his wine and his plate to restore,
To the revels that once his table once more.

THESE, some poor neighbor may ask for his pay,
But the law legalizes him and what he's got,
His children are homeless and hung'ry for bread,
If he eats once too much, it'll turn his look to his head,
For Congress declares that such bakers no more,
Shall trouble us gend're by calls at the door.

And surely such beggars, called creditors, should
Consider such wise laws designed for their good,
For with these our wretchedness, we'll honest'ly share,
And every thing else we can't honestly squat,
To the point, when we come to that heap of debts,
For a present subsistence "we'll keep to ourself."

LET the laborer grumble and write in his till,
"Tis the joy of our Congress, his hopes to despair;
And say—neath our debts, we'll honest'ly share,
To save such x-penny worms from the dust
All, all! For the only such debts as we,
That Congress protects in this last of the free.

THE CILLEY DUEL.

Saturday's Advertiser refers to this melancholy subject in a long article which undertakes to exculpate Mr. Clay from any guilty connexion with the duel, while it does not hesitate, however, to intimate that Mr. Cilley was urged to his death by some of his political friends, who afterwards "made a riotous political feast of his island."

In relation to Mr. Clay, the Advertiser rests his vindication upon the evidence of Mr. Graves, whom it seems to regard as the very best witness the case can have, and from whose recent letter on the subject it makes a copious extract. Now, it so happens, as good a witness as Mr. Graves is that his very testimony which the Advertiser publishes for the exculpation of Mr. Clay, has been proved materially incorrect by the united testimony of Mr. Wise and Mr. Clay himself! A man as Mr. Graves' statement appeared, Mr. Wise called public attention to its errors, and since then he has had them corrected by the parties themselves whom they most concern.— And yet the Advertiser publishes Mr. Graves' account for true, just as coolly as if no correction of had ever been made! Having recently devoted considerable space to the statements of Messrs. Wise, Graves, &c., we shall not quote at length from them now, but simply state a few points which they clearly prove, and which show what Mr. Clay's connexion with the duel really was. These points are—

That Mr. Clay was consulted on the subject by Mr. Graves, before Mr. Graves addressed his first letter to Mr. Cilley.

That he was Mr. Graves' authoritative adviser on the subject as the correspondence progressed, and himself determined the precise ground upon which the quarrel should proceed.

That while Messrs. Wise and Graves desired it to turn upon a misapprehension between the parties as to the language used by Mr. Cilley to Mr. Graves, in reference to the refusal of Mr. C. to receive Col. Webb's note, he made it to turn upon a point of honor, which could only be accommodated in the impossible contingency that Mr. Cilley would admit Webb to be a gentleman.

That Mr. Clay wrote himself the form of challenge for Mr. Graves, which was actually used in the final transaction.

That Mr. Clay was called upon the afternoon before the duel, Messrs. Charles King and Rerdy Johnson, who invoked him to aid in arresting the duel, and declined to interfere for such purpose, because having been the confidential adviser of Mr. Graves, in the affair, he could not with honor interrupt its progress.

These are some of the facts in the case, as indispensably proved by several witnesses, and admitted to be true by Mr. Clay himself. How far they exculpate Mr. Clay, different men will doubtless entertain different opinions, and the great tribunal of public opinion must decide between them.

As to the intimation that Mr. Cilley was urged to the fight by some of his political friends, we have only to say that there is not a particle of evidence to sustain the charge, and to mark the fact that it is hinted at, *without proof*, by a paper which would exculpate Mr. Clay, in the face of all the evidence which we have before alluded to. Mr. Cilley made every exertion to avoid a fight. He declined to receive Webb's challenge—was called to account for that—carefully declined his respect for Mr. Graves—refrained even from giving any opinion about Webb—was at length challenged in spite of his efforts to avoid such an issue—was challenged so that he could not escape the fight but by admitting what he did not believe—was finally dragged to the field, shot at again and again, until at last he was no longer a living mark for the murderer's rifle. To talk of his having been urged to the field, then, either by his political friends, or his own "personal resolution," even, is as violently outrageous as it is to call the manifestations of sorrow and indignation with which his friends received the news of his melancholy death, "a riotous political feast upon his blood."—Argus.

The following from the Boston correspondence of Hall's New Hampshire Patriot, will be found interesting to many of our readers:— "Among the new inventions, and contrivances of which I have lately heard, is something which I believe bids fair to become universally useful to the city and country, and the world, and that is a new method of making *good, light, sweet bread*. All the world knows, that one of the most difficult and perplexing matters to house-keepers, is to have good *bread* or *yeast* for bread. Now, the invention is this:—Take an acid like cream of tartar, I mean simply an acid in the form of a powder, and rub a sufficient quantity of this dry and powdered acid into a proper quantity of dry flour. Then wet the flour and put your alkali, pearlash, or other fixed alkali. The valuable

part of the discovery is this, the acid and the alkali will not effervesce until the loaf is baked, when the acid is rubbed into the flour in a dry state. The experiment is worth trying. I assure you that a most delicious bread is produced light, sweet and good, in this manner, from any good flour or meal you use, wheat, rye, or Indian. Cream of tartar may be used and saleratus for the purpose of trying it. Nothing can be more healthful than this bread. Try it by rubbing it to your flour, in a perfectly dry state, some cream of tartar, and then mixing up the batter with whatever liquid you please, milk, buttermilk, or water, and adding a little saleratus."

GRATE MAIL. The mail brought by the steam ship *Unicorn*, was the largest ever arrived in the United States. The number of letters was also about 3000, and there were 40 boxes of express. The postmaster in New York amounted to about \$33,000. Philadelphia, \$550; Baltimore, \$200; Albany, city and distribution, \$500. The Boston Transcript says the clerks in the post office worked like horses. Twenty one hands were employed the whole of last night in sorting, counting, &c., the 1-lets and other packages, and by indefatigable exertions every thing was sent, in due season.

SALT RHEUM.

THE subscriber having, as he has reason to believe, devised a certain cure for the Salt Rheum, and which may also be considered as a remedy for various other humors or diseases, will inform the public that he has applied for and received the United States Letters Patent, from the patent office at the city of Washington, for said remedy, which is also called *the Compound for the cure of the Salt Rheum*, and after a great deal of trouble and expense, has been made up, by using these Pills according to the directions accompanying each box.

It is not intended that this Medicine is a cure for all Diseases which the human system is liable.

Many efforts have been made to compound a Medicine which would cure all Diseases, but have failed. Those Diseases enumerated above, are the most common, and the cure of them, is the best safeguard for the former.

It is with the most flattering recommendations, submitted by most eminent Medical gentlemen, not only in this Country but also in Europe; that I offer this valuable Medicine to this American People.

Time and full opportunity for a fair and impartial trial have placed the Lion of the Day beyond the brand of Imposition, Humbug, Quackery, &c.

The Pill is composed of nine parts of the vegetable kingdom, and consists entirely free from any drug of deleterious nature, and is highly gratifying to the system.

Stomach, Blood, and the various secretions of the Human System, Bilious Fever, and Cholic Fever and Ague, Jaundice, Scarlet Fever, Hepatitis, Heartburn, Costiveness, Arthritis, and Liver Complaint have been cured, by using these Pills according to the directions accompanying each box.

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